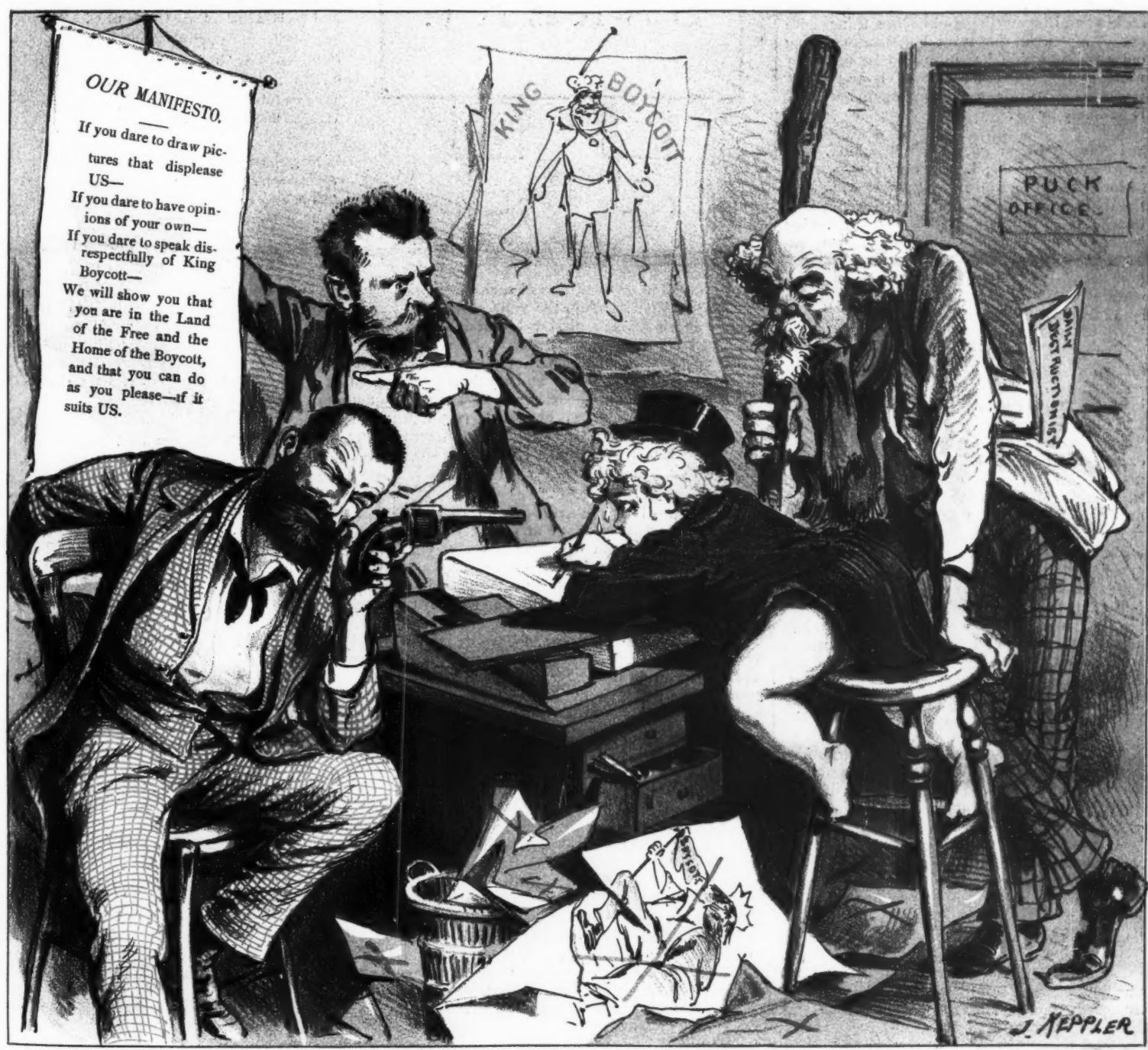




ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



PUCK'S PLEASANT PROSPECT.



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE friends of the working-man are making it somewhat hard for the working-man to live, nowadays. They are holding a high revel, and the working-man is paying for it. They have tempted him into absurd, unreasonable, hopeless strikes, that can only end in failure and loss of money. They have taught him the use of the brutal, unreasonable, un-American Boycott, which will send hundreds of honest, misguided men to prison before it dies the death which is appointed for it. They have filled him with a vague, illogical discontent and uneasiness, and have impressed on him the necessity of antagonizing his employer in every possible way. Well, the working-man has been striking and boycotting and making things generally unpleasant for several months, carrying out a policy which has been popular for many years, and how much better off is he than he was a generation ago? How much better off is he likely to be?

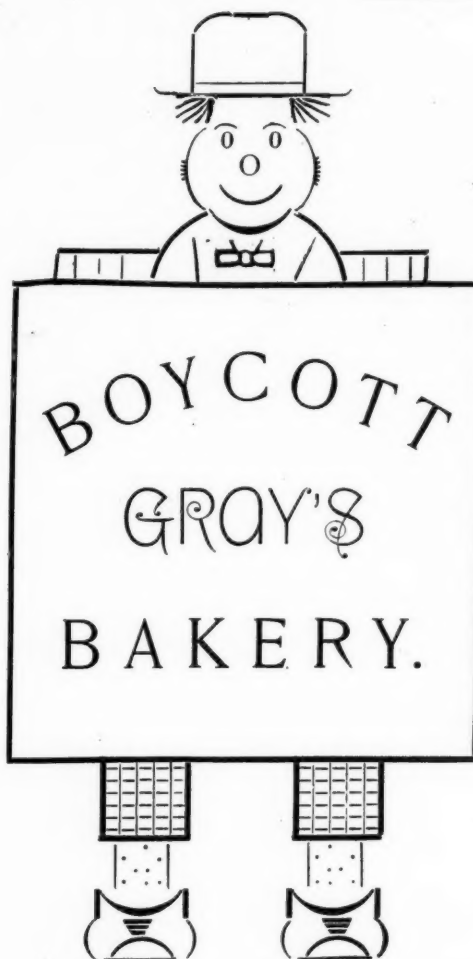
He is no better off. He is worse off. He will be no better off; he can only be worse off, so long as he keeps on in his present line of action. The time has come for a little plain talk, in plain English, with the working-man. We wish, for our share, to contribute a few extremely plain and direct statements and suggestions. We address ourselves to every honest, useful working-man in the country. We do not speak to the loafers or to the drunkards.

The men who pretend to be your friends are not your friends, nor the friends of anything but their own interests. They have been teaching you to believe a large assortment of lies. Lie No. 1.—That there are enemies of labor. There is no such thing as an enemy of labor—except the lazy laborer. A laborer who will not work is an enemy of labor. Nobody else is. There is no class in this country which is firmly resolved to crush down and impose upon the working-man. There is no class which looks upon manual labor as disgraceful or degrading. There is no set of people banded together to take away the working-man's rights. If there is such a set, find it—show us the people. Show us the rights which have been taken away from you. You have every right which is possessed by any law-abiding citizen of the United States. The President himself has not, as a citizen, one right which you do not share with him.

Of course, there are heartless money-grabbers, monopolists and men who would be monopolists if they could, who will cheat you if they get the chance. They are as much the enemies of the rest of the public as they are yours. Nobody likes them any better than you do. They are enemies of society, just as thieves and murderers are enemies of society. You must not cry out that you alone are injured because these men exist. The whole of society is injured. Everybody suffers with you.

Lie No. 2.—That your case is different from that of all other people who are working for a living. It is not. Your situation is the same as

BOYCOTTING VERSUS STONE-CUTTING.



I.
 Gray's bakery made money fast,
 As up and down before it passed
 Three valiant Knights with noses red,
 Each sandwiched 'tween big signs that said:
 "BOYCOTT GRAY'S BAKERY."

II.
 Each knightly sandwich, sure to win,
 Wore on his ugly mug a grin,
 Save when he asked the gin-mill near
 To trust him for another beer.

III.
 But when the people saw the sight,
 They took a hand right in the fight;
 From California to Maine
 On Mrs. Gray came golden rain.

IV.
 Folks came for miles around to buy
 Brave Mrs. Gray's bread, cake and pie,
 And gorged the children at the door
 So full they couldn't cry for more.

V.
 A round-heart for a dollar sold,
 A pie just brought its weight in gold,
 And bread—it went ere it was made,
 And doubled, trebled was Gray's trade.

VI.
 "Oh, wait a bit," the cowards said:
 "Folks won't forever buy her bread."
 They waited—till there came a cop
 Who put them in the jug to stop.

VII.
 In Sing Sing now these loafer Knights
 Will something learn of "woman's rights,"
 And in their striped suits of Gray
 Will boy-cut stones and "strike" all day.

H. C. DODGE.

that of any class or condition of men who work for wages. You stand in the same position as mercantile clerks, law clerks, hospital nurses, newspaper reporters, private secretaries, under-teachers, copyists, and other employees who fight their way through life and do their work and get their pay without resorting to methods that cripple business and break the common law. If your position is in the least different from theirs, it is because you have made it so of your own choice.

Lie No. 3.—That the man is your friend who gets special legislation made at your demand.

He is not. If such legislation benefits you, all special legislation is a curse to the community. It interferes with the common law, which is the common right. It applies only to temporary troubles; and such troubles ought to be settled by the natural law of business, and it would be so settled if they were left to themselves. If you do not know this, the legislators know it; and when they give you law that is bad for you and the rest of the people, they are simply bidding for your votes.

Lie No. 4.—That you as a class get any good out of that worst of all pieces of special legislation—a high protective tariff. The men who think it is for their interest to have such a tariff—and they are often self-deceived—have so talked to you of the terrible consequences that would follow the establishment of Free-Trade, that you have actually got to think of Free-Trade as a name that means something bad in itself, like Arson, Pestilence, Famine. It brings to your mind a vague idea of danger. Would it not be well for you to inquire whether it can possibly be wise to tax an entire people at the demand of a minority of manufacturers? Would

it not be well for you to consider that you yourselves are every day bearing the burden of this tax in the increased cost not only of the clothing you wear, the tools you work with, and the houses you live in, but in the increased cost of the manufactures you produce, and the consequently decreased market for them?

The Protectionists tell you that Free-Trade would mean lower wages for you, because wages are lower in England, and England is a Free-Trade country. This is like saying that it would rain more here if we had Free-Trade, because the climate of England is moister than that of the United States. Besides, it is not true. The wages paid in many of the protected industries of this country are as low as, and sometimes lower than, the wages paid in England for the same work, and the laborer cannot buy so much for his money here. Ask the Pennsylvania coal-miners. Reason it out for yourself. Free-Trade must open the door to active competition and an increase of small factories. There will be more work to be done, and more men employed to do it.

Lie No. 5.—That the people who tell you the truth are your enemies. They are your best friends—the best friends you have. The truth may not always be pleasant, but no class or condition of men can always be fed with pleasant truths. When this paper says to the workingman: "Do not strike until arbitration has failed; have nothing to do with the Boycott; keep away from self-seeking politicians, and the mischievous legislation they offer you, and reason for yourself in the question of Free-Trade against Protection"—it speaks to him as an honest and disinterested friend of labor, and proffers a help that should not be despised.

WOMEN AND STEEPLE-CHASES.

DID you ever see lovely woman at a steeple-chase? You didn't? Well, the racing-season is under way now, and you ought to go to the races just to see lovely woman make a blank blankety blank of herself. She looks at the flat races in a calm and unmoved manner that would do credit to an Egyptian mummy out for his Saturday half-holiday.

But when the time comes for the Great American Double-barreled Steeple-chase, for a sweepstakes of five hundred dollars each, with a purse of one million dollars added, play or pay, welter weights, over the regular steeple-chase course, about three and one half miles, then lovely woman braces up, sets her bonnet straight and rubs the dust off her field-glasses.

She is interested in the steeple-chase, my son. Why? Oh, because, she says, it is so much more brilliant than the flat race.

And then it is so delightful to see how intelligent those lovely creatures, the horses, are. The dear brutes seem to know just what is expected of them. They sniff the air proudly and paw in their impatience to be off. And with what strength and agility they rise to the jumps!

See, now they are approaching the first barrier, a fine stiff bank of turf, with a little stone guard at either end topped with red and white flags. The big bay in the lead looks suspiciously at it, and then stretching his sleek, shining neck well forward, goes over like a bird. Then comes the small-limbed black and the proud gray. Over they go! Now they dash round the turn for the rail-fence. Look how every muscle is strained to get forward. Hear the thunder of their hoofs on the well harrowed track. Now then, up they go!

Ah, what's that? A crash!

The big bay has gone down squarely on his head and rolled over on his side with a heavy fall.

He's hurt! No, by Jove! he's up again.

Now look at him! Did you ever see such intelligence in your life? Deny that such a magnificent animal has a soul? It's preposterous!

See him with his empty saddle following the other horses around the field. He runs the course as straight as an arrow, and takes every jump in splendid style. Finishing, he turns around and comes back to the judges' stand, as he is accustomed to do, so that his rider may have permission to dismount.

Ah, poor bay! All your noble work was for nothing. You finished third, but you will not be placed, because your saddle was empty; you did not carry your weight. It seems too pitiful that this noble steed should have galloped those weary miles, and taken all those stiff jumps, at the risk of breaking his beautiful limbs, for nothing.

But what is that the men are carrying away, over there by the rail-fence, where the big bay got his fall? Oh, that's nothing. That's only the jockey. Is he hurt? Well, yes; both his legs are broken. But that's of no moment; he'll be around again riding another race in a few days. Those jockeys are made of sole-leather. They are the toughest brutes in the world.

And that, my son, is lovely woman at a steeple-chase. W. J. H.

THERE OUGHT to be a monument to Julius Cæsar. There is danger that these great men will be forgotten if their tombs are not ornamented, and Cæsar has not even a grave-stone. Did Cyrus W. Field ever think of it?

THE AMATEUR gardener will very shortly be known by the blisters on his hands, the pain in his back, and the things that don't come up. If the amateur gardener would spend as much time at something else, he would rake in sufficient shekels to cover his table with vegetables, and have enough left to indulge in the luxury of ice once or twice a week.

TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.



PERHAPS every Hibernian who is a notoriously hard drinker would be better off for a pinch of earth from the Emerald Isle in his boots to keep off snakes.

A RACINE, WISCONSIN, Alderman has committed suicide.

Some men carry envy almost too far. If he had stopped to consider the matter from all its standpoints, he would have realized that a street-car franchise is not altogether an unmixed benefaction.

WRITES A CORRESPONDENT to a rural newspaper: "While harrowing, a mare, frightened by the report of a gun, sprang forward, and since then has been lame in her right hind-leg. What was the trouble?" We are not quite sure; but, as near as we can judge, the chief trouble was in firing the gun so near the horse as to frighten her. There may be other reasons, but they are not probable.

SAYS A SAN FRANCISCO clergyman: "There is no difference whether we live on Nob Hill or on the docks; whether a millionaire or a pauper; whether in affluence or in poverty, in high position or in low." If this is the sentiment of all San Franciscans, what do they mean by kicking up such a row about Chinese cheap labor?

A DAIRY-MAN up in Mock-Orange County recently had an ornithologist point out to him some swallows, which he spoke of as skimming the lilled lakelet. The dairy-man said nothing in reply, but that very day trapped a number of the feathered harbingers of spring, and he is now training them to skim the milk.

THE RETAIL ICE-DEALERS' ASSOCIATION have fixed the price of ice at fifty cents per hundred for families and thirty cents for saloons. As full assurance is given that no advance in price will be made, it will be well to view the one-hundred-pound lump with suspicion.

IT is now becoming the custom to present prize-ring heros with floral designs when they appear at benefits, etc. We would suggest as an appropriate design a huge fist of immortelles, with the word "wife" resting across the knuckles.

VISITING TOURISTS say the new South is very different from the old. We notice ourselves that down there lynch-law is carefully meted out to capital offenders, while every participant in the late war is either a brigadier or colonel.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND has confessed that he always loses money at poker. We are surprised. We always thought Mr. Garland was considerable of a statesman.

THE DETROIT Free Press asks who "R" is. We are surprised at such ignorance. Has our esteemed contemporary forgotten Mr. Burchard so soon?

A WRITER remarks that "the world is full of smiles and tears." How true this is, gentle reader! It was only last evening that we saw a gentleman indulging in smiles preparatory to going off on a tear.



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. XI.



"Well, this is what I call rough! Here's my poem rejected by *Barker's Magazine*. I don't understand it. I got all my rhymes out of 'The Rhyming Dictionary; or, the Poet's Guide to Immortal Song.'"

opper

A LESSON IN JOURNALISM.

MANAGING EDITOR (of *Western Daily to new assistant*).—I want you to write an editorial accusing the Mayor of horse-stealing in California ten years ago. Make it as bitter as you can.

ASSISTANT.—What are the facts?

MANAGING EDITOR (*surprised*).—Facts? There aren't any.

ASSISTANT (*more surprised*).—May I ask why you do this? It will only get you into trouble. I don't see what good it will do.

MANAGING EDITOR (*with great disgust*).—Of course, you don't see what good it will do. I never saw a college man yet who knew anything about practical journalism. He will sue us for libel. He will deny it in every paper in the city, and perhaps he will shoot at me. Why, man, it will be the making of the paper!

SHE KNEW.

"JOHN," said Mrs. Smith: "this is your birthday, isn't it?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, I have a birthday present for you. See here."

"A pair of opera-glasses! How thoughtful of you, my dear."

"Yes; you see, John, they will save you from becoming bald-headed."

"How, my dear?"

"You can see the performance without sitting in the front row."

"GREAT MEN often rise from small beginnings," says a writer. How true! Even George Washington was a little baby at one time.



A FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

FIRST SAWDUST SWINDLER (*to a confidant*).—I have found just the man for our business. Cool, calm, unscrupulous. Would rather lie than tell the truth, and as quick at invention as the very devil.

SECOND SAWDUSTER.—How did you happen to find him?

FIRST S.—I picked him up in Chicago. He has been employed getting up the census there for the past three or four years.

A MONTANA SIOUX Indian has sued a local paper for libel, mentioning five hundred thousand dollars as the amount of damages he has sustained. Although the cause of the libel is not stated, judging from the magnitude of the damages we infer that the paper must have published his portrait.

THE NEW "READER."

EVERYBODY knows that the daily newspaper is taking the place of books and other literature in furnishing models for the literary matter and style of the day. It will not, therefore, surprise the readers of PUCK to learn that a series of educational text-books is being prepared, in which the quotations and examples of literary style are drawn from the newspapers of the period. Those who have gone through the prescribed course of "readers" in their early education will remember how aptly the various emotions of the human breast used to be illustrated by passages from familiar authors.

Thus "Irony" would usually be exemplified by Pitt's speech: "On Being Charged with Being a Young Man," and would be accompanied with directions, and sometimes a picture, showing how an ironical per-

son, if attentive to all the rules of oratory, will dispose of his feet, and how he should gesticulate with due grace and ease.

"Passion" would be exhibited by Shakspeare's "Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius," in which it was shown what attitudes Brutus, Cassius and all other passionate gentlemen would strike, provided they had been properly instructed by the Fifth and Sixth Readers.

Such kindred topics as "Graceful Description" would likewise be dwelt upon, with quotations from such mild authorities as Scott's "Lady of the Lake," or Young's "Night Thoughts." The new series of text-books, into which we have been permitted to peep, follows in the same lines, and will doubtless be equally serviceable to the rising generation. We quote a few of the leading topics of the book.

I.

HARMLESS COMMENT.

DIRECTIONS.—Assume a merely mechanical position. It will not be necessary to use the head at all in this. The hands may be moved sparingly, and an occasional motion, as of grinding, will have a good effect.

SELECTION.—From the *Evening T-l-gr-m*:

On the Murder of J. Smith.

It is evident from the news we present our readers this afternoon that there are many savage and desperate spirits in our midst. The murder of John Smith, on the East Side, is an appalling example of this. In the midst of our boasted civilization, these things ought not to be. Public sentiment should say, in unmistakable tones: Let there be no murder here. The police should look to it. The guilty man should be immediately arrested and imprisoned. Nay, more, he should be punished to the full extent of the law. His penalty should be as severe as his crime was wicked. Murder ought to be put down.

II.

PLAYFUL IRONY.

DIRECTIONS.—Assume a rather scornful attitude. Hands behind the back, and head in air. Impress your hearers with the idea that you are something loftier than they. In speaking of politicians, assume a jaunty, rakish air, and roll off the slang as if you were a Bowery lounge. This will impress the audience as exceedingly funny.

SELECTION.—From the *Evening P-st*:
Affairs at Albany.

Indications at Albany all point to an unusually busy and profitable season for the "workers." "Jimmy" Doonan, "Patsy" Flynn, "Mike" Donegan, "Fatty" Hicks and other shining lights of the political world are on the spot, and the wheels of legislation are now in most satisfactory working-order. The bills of which the P-st spoke last week can hardly find favor with the "boys." The reprehensible lack of "boodle," or of any consistent scheme for a "divvy," on the part of the authors of these measures, can command little approbation from our pro-

fessional legislators. It is, indeed, to "Mike" Donegan, we believe, who represents his district and butcher-shop in the present Legislature, that we owe the recent oracular announcement that the "boys" are "not in politics for their health." This is what the P-st has always declared. It repeats its recommendation to "Mike" and the other "boys," and advises them to regard the signs of the times, consider their health, and seek the seclusion which the butcher-shop and the bar-room grant.

III.

EPIGRAMMATIC MORALITY.

DIRECTIONS.—Stand in an easy and jaunty attitude. Look excessively sly and humorous, but vary this with an expression of profound wisdom. Give your audience the impression that what you say is only meant in fun. A good effect is produced by occasionally poking yourself in the ribs.

SELECTION.—From the *S-n*:

The S-n and the President.

Certain journals express the opinion that the *S-n* is the enemy of the Administration. This is not so. Within due limits, we revere the President. If our sight is not blinded to his defects, it is because we love him the more. We remind him of them, as would a truthful friend. If we tell him he must check his tendency to corpulence, it is because we have a watchful eye on the future. We should be bowed with grief and shame were the hour to come when a President of the United States should be unable to contract his dimensions to the width of his own front door. We warn him in sorrow more than anger. The Green Mountain Iceberg smiles as he contemplates the increasing flesh of his foe. Brother Blaine smiles calmly, too, in his Augustan retreat. Shall these things be? We think not. We believe in Jeffersonian simplicity. Turn the rascal out!

IV.

INVECTIVE AND DEFIANCE.

DIRECTIONS.—This should be spoken in dialogue. Let one speaker exhibit serene and lofty

contempt, and the other profound obstinacy. After a short time, let the first speaker unbend himself and proceed to throw mud. The second speaker should then reciprocate, and the two should assume the appearance and attitude of Billingsgate fishermen, or Third Avenue car-drivers. This selection is well suited to deliver before the best people.

SELECTION.—From the *Tr-b-ne*:

A Base Recreant.

The villainous cowardice of that base recreant, the *T-m-s*, now appears in its true light. The *Tr-b-ne* has conclusively proved it to be the foe of civilization, the friend of rascality, the tool of thieves, and the abettor of villainy of every sort and description. Let the wretched sheet cover beneath the light of truth, as shed upon it by the *Tr-b-ne*.

SELECTION.—From the *T-m-s*:

A Malicious Falsifier.

Those articles affecting our conduct which have appeared in our contemptible contemporary, the *Tr-b-ne*, we now stigmatize as lies, falsehoods, untruths, slanders, inventions, calumnies, violations of verity, perjury, false witness and base insinuations. Their author is a coward, wretch, villain, miscreant, scoundrel, assassin, perjurer, recreant, murderer, falsifier, slanderer, Alderman, striker and ward-politician. We trust we have conclusively answered his cowardly libel.

The book will undoubtedly meet with a hearty reception among the bright spirits of the land.

N.



NO NURSE-GIRL SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.



THIS SIMPLE LITTLE APPARATUS ENABLES NURSES TO TALK WITH THEIR FAVORITE POLICEMEN—



AND TO BRING BACK THE CHILDREN WHEN THEY STRAY TOO FAR, WITHOUT INTERRUPTING THE CONVERSATION.

WHY THE ENGAGEMENT WASN'T KEPT.

THE RECENT invention of an ingenious bed by an able French mechanic attracts not a little attention on both sides of the Atlantic among *connoisseurs* of beds, and bids fair to fill a want which, up to the present time, has been as unfilled as the purse of an honest Alderman.

This new bed, aided and abetted by electricity and other subtle but powerful forces, whose names are for the present withheld from the public, makes the task of arising not less pleasant than retiring, and renders the customary ante-breakfast hour not the least delightful of the day. It robs arising to catch an early morning train of most of its horror, and makes it possible for a man to keep a six o'clock A. M. appointment punctually and still be a Christian.

This wonderful invention first calls together the sleeper's scattered senses by the gentle ringing of a chime of sweet-toned bells. When this has been done, and he is lying half asleep, half awake, a candle is lighted by some invisible force, and the first step toward a complete awakening has been accomplished. If this fails to call him entirely to a realizing sense of his condition, the aroma of boiling coffee soon completes that task; for the same force which lighted the candle ignited the wick of a spirit-

lamp, and in an urn, which is suspended above it, the fragrant coffee boils and bubbles seductively. To these blandishments is added the melody of a music-box, and, at the *finale* of an entertaining air, a placard bearing a request to arise, courteously worded, appears before his bewildered vision, and, after gradually awakening until at last he is thoroughly alive to the necessity of arising, he is prepared to don his garments and face the requirements of the coming day. But if, perchance, enough of the lazy old Adam remains in the man to prevent these attractions from inducing him to promptly perform his share of the task, a pair of muscular arms gently but firmly lifts him from the bed and places him in a chair, when the bed closes itself with a spring, thus shutting off all chances of retreat, and making his duty imperative.

This is all very well, so far as it goes, and probably answers the purpose as well as any mechanism yet devised; still, it comes very far from making the work of arising the pleasure it was years and years ago, when we lived in that little red house on the hill by the side of the meadow, where the trout-brook murmured and babbled, as trout-brooks used to do twenty or thirty years ago.

You remember those days? Of course, you do. You couldn't forget them, even if you tried.

Perhaps once in a while, when you are shut up in your dingy old office near "the street," and the clatter of the ticker, mingled with the voices of your customers, makes a miniature Babel, you lose for a moment recollection of those happy days; but, bless your soul, you don't forget them, and the first patch of green grass you see on your ride home on the Elevated, the first song of a bird you hear as you walk down in the morning, the first glimpse of the Park you get in your post-prandial stroll with your cigar, brings them back to you as if you had only left the old farm last week.

Of course, they do.

You wouldn't be the kind-hearted husband and indulgent father that you are if they didn't.

It wasn't hard to get up in those merry days sometimes, especially in summer-time, when you started early to school, and chased a squirrel or two on your way down the road.

We didn't need patent French beds, either, on Saturday mornings.

No, indeed.

On the contrary.

Quite the reverse.

Alpheus Gives Us Another "Pointer" On Office-Boy Art.



AT THE DOG-SHOW.

MRS. WASP.—Isn't his tail a trifle long for a greyhound, Mrs. Fly?

MRS. FLY.—Oh, dear, no, Mrs. Wasp! Why, the man that imported him told me that trains are to be worn very long in England this summer, and there is nothing like being harmonious, you know.

TWO RECIPES FOR A SERMON.

I.
BEGIN with the thesis that white is white,
A process derived from the dexterous plan
Of supporting with proofs that are easy to cite,
A fact foregone since the world began,
An imitation, I've understood,
Of a certain easy clerical set;
Old formulas served with seasoned food,
And stale eggs beat to an omelette.

II.
Now be not definite or precise;
So when a palpable fault is found,
As your argument rests on no ground at all,
You may with celerity change your ground.
Take heed that the cloudy course you keep
All comprehension shall soar above;
The presumption will be that it must be deep
Which none can see to the bottom of.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

YELLOW CAB, NO. 39.

MAUD (*hysterically*).—Oh, it'll tilt over backward!

CLARA (*chidingly*).—Put up the glass, so we can't fall out front.

M. (*pettishly*).—No, I won't; I can't see Charley when we pass.

C. (*mildly*).—I'm afraid of the driver.

M. (*wildly*).—So am I; let's get out.

C. (*angrily*).—Why don't you tell him to stop!

M. (*feebly*).—Driver, driver!

C. (*perly*).—He can't hear you. Your front hair looks like a fright.

M. (*wickedly*).—You mean thing! Why didn't you tell me before?

C. (*nervously*).—I know we came within an ace of striking that butcher-cart.

M. (*resignedly*).—Heavens! how fast we go!

C. (*sobbingly*).—It's all your fault. I wouldn't have got in; but you persuaded me.

M. (*negatively*).—I didn't.

C. (*positively*).—You did.

[Silence for one minute and thirteen seconds.]

C. (*alarmingly*).—Gracious! we're at Forty-fifth, and we got in at Twenty-eighth Street!

M. (*lightly*).—I wanted to get out at Thirty-fourth.

C. (*tearfully*).—I know I'll be killed.

M. (*questioningly*).—What'll Charley say?

C. (*provokingly*).—I don't care; it's real fun.

M. (*maliciously*).—Then, why did you tell me we were running away?

C. (*forgivingly*).—Why, Maud, I didn't!

M. (*snappishly*).—You did, Clara.

[Another silence for three-quarters of a second.]

C. (*explosively*).—How that driver swears!

M. (*eagerly*).—Who's that bowing?

C. (*placidly*).—I'm awfully cold.

M. (*suggestively*).—Let's get a glass of ice-cream soda.

C. (*passively*).—Here's the house.

M. (*solicitously*).—You get out first.

C. (*resistingly*).—No, I won't; you are nearest the curb.

M. (*knowingly*).—How much, please?

DRIVER (*mechanically*).—Onything, Ma'am; me cab's boycotted, an' I can't make much out uv the judes.

C. (*smilingly*).—Good-by!

DRIVER (*killingly*).—Ta-ta!

M. (*gushingly*).—What fun we had! Don't breathe a word to any one.

C. (*prospectively*).—Come down to-night with Charley.

M. (*sweetly*).—Well, p'r'aps.

C. (*superfluously*).—Good-by. (*Unexpectedly*.) Oh, Maud, wear your new silk, will you? I want to see the cut.

M. (*affirmatively*).—All right. (*Uniquely*.) Good-by!

C. (*urbanely*).—Good-by!

M. (*gleefully*).—Oh, Clara, did I tell you baby had a tooth this morning?

C. (*regretfully*).—Poor little thing! (*Originally*.) Good-by!

M. (*delightfully*).—Good-by!

POLICEMAN X. (*musingly*).—Is it a tooth the kid's ketched? (*Critically*.) Be jabbers, these dude women crows over a little. (*Comparatively*.) Moy Nora would go on stroike or kill a kid wil circumspection uv its gooms, if it didn't furnish a row like the inside of iyster-covers in a wake.

DEWITT STERRY.

THE PHILADELPHIA *Press*, a Republican organ, says: "Attorney-General Garland can crawl through a smaller hole than a New York Alderman." This may be so, but he can't crawl through the hole used by the *Press* editor after the last Presidential election, for the reason that the editor pulled the hole in after him.

HEAR THE little bluebirds sing,
Spring-time to invoke,
And beside the rippling stream
Hear the crocus croak.

ON THE dogwood tree remote
The robin begins to toot,
And the ancient rubber boot
Is eaten up by the —.

SOLOMON WAS in favor of parting the heir in the middle.

THE EYE OF PROPHECY.

"POOR fellow," said the merchant, shaking his head pityingly, as he regarded his unconscious office-boy: "I see the seeds of dread disease beneath his plausibly robust exterior."

"How so?" inquired the cashier, as he adroitly exchanged the leaden twenty-cent piece he had taken that morning in change for a silver quarter from the money-drawer.

"To-day is Wednesday," kindly explained the merchant: "For two days yet to come this happy, careless victim of approaching Fate will retain his accustomed health, but on Saturday morning the bolt will fall. He will come to the office unusually late, complaining of a severe headache, pain in the back and chills. Toothache will supervene at eleven A. M., and unless I then mercifully suggest his retirement for the rest of the day, he will develop at two P. M. internal paroxysms of so alarming a character as to make his dismissal a matter of mere humanity."

"And how do you know all this?" respectfully inquired the cashier, as he absently abstracted a second quarter from the drawer, charmed by his employer's wonderful insight into sheer forgetfulness of a previous transaction of the same kind.

"How do I know it?" replied the merchant, dreamily: "Because I see by the paper that there is to be a great base-ball match on the Polo Grounds on Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock."

And the cashier turned reverently away, and began to write himself a letter from home announcing the sad death of his aunt, whose funeral he appointed, probably from mere association of ideas, for Saturday at three P. M.

F. E. CHASE.

SCHWATKA, ON being interviewed, says: "No, you never can reach the Pole with a balloon; but you can reach the balloon with a pole, if it sails pretty low."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.



"Are you a philanthropist, sir?" asked an old gentleman of a young man who was distributing a quantity of butter-scotch to some little children in Washington Square.

"Am I a what?" said the young man.

"A philanthropist?"

"No, sir; I'm a dentist."

RANDOM REMARKS.

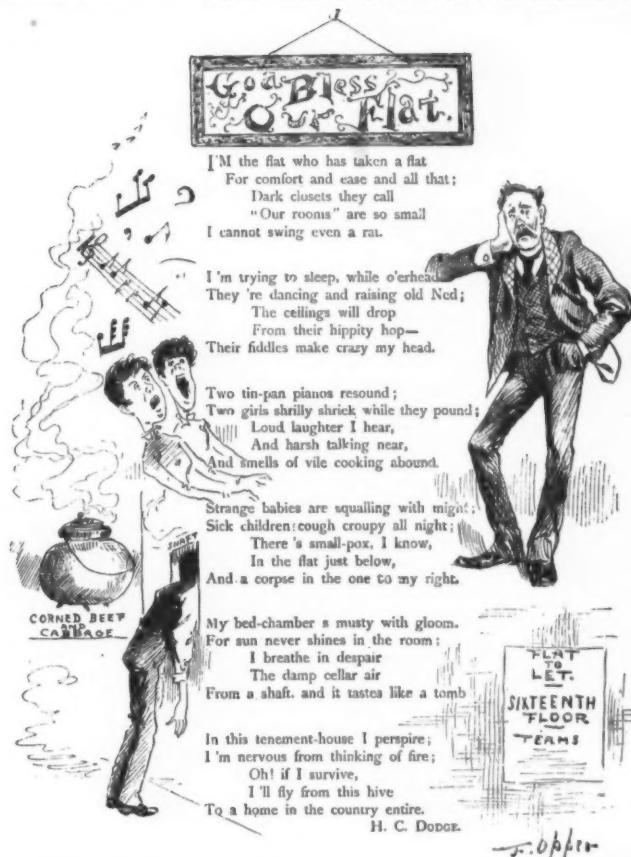
IN THE spring a feline's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,
And he hies him to his Nancy—to his furry turtle-dove.
Mounted high upon the fence, he poureth forth his sweet bravura,
And, by way of recompense, he hopes from downy rug to lure a
Certain giddy Maltese fairy, on her neck a ribbon blue,
Who, though somewhat proud and airy, to her Tom was "leal and true."
So he caroled forth his carol—portamento, rest and all—
Till a stranger took a barrel—took a barrel from the wall—
Drew a bead on Mister Feline—Mr. Feline Caterwaul—
And the feline made a bee-line—pass the butter, ma; that's all.
"MARIE."

It is reported that a large number of American artists in Rome intend to solicit money to build a colossal statue to the memory of General Grant in that city. If this is a movement to make General Grant's memory unpopular in Italy, we hope it will not succeed. M. Bartholdi's statue has done more to make Liberty detested in this country than a dozen Kosciuskos could overcome in a dozen decades.

DIO LEWIS's hot-water cure of all disorders is widely advertised in the Texas papers. It may seem absurd to advertise a remedy that costs nothing; but that is the only way water can be introduced into Texas. Dio Lewis evidently understands the people he is dealing with.

AMONG THE strongest advocates of the eight-hour law for laborers are those saloon-keepers who have the patronage of working-men. This is regarded as a significant fact by those who don't keep a saloon of this sort.

"WHAT is a proverb?" asks a school-journal. A proverb is something easier to say than to do. Like being elected Alderman in a down-town ward on a reform ticket, as it were.



MALARIA.

THAT merry warbler, Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, charges me in a late issue of PUCK with having malaria and entertaining the blissful belief that my disorder is only spring-fever. But, as he has not hitched a pun to my name in the whole course of his article, I forgive him. I have constantly on hand a full stock of forgiveness for every large, able-bodied man who assails me in print, save the hardened sinner who attacks me with a cruel, savage, barbarous, inhuman, malignant pun.

It seems to me that Mr. Munkittrick wants the world to believe that he has never had genuine spring-fever, which some folks call "acute vernal laziness," for short.

He describes the state of convalescence from that too common spring disorder, and would persuade us that he escapes the severer stages of it, and begins at the recuperative period, when the worst is over, and when to the convalescent all Nature seems to be blooming her bloom- ingest for his especial benefit, filling him with glad longings for planked shad, and inspiring him to rush out and try to borrow a dollar from every friend he has in the world.

Oh, no, Mr. Munkittrick, I haven't malaria now; but I am familiar with malaria at work. George W. Malaria is an old acquaintance of mine, and he will probably call on me a little later in the season.

You have probably met George W. Malaria yourself at some time or other. If you have, you still remember him. A very brief interview with George W. Malaria makes an impression on one, and leaves a bitter taste in one's mouth that don't soon wear away.

When George W. Malaria knocks you over, he does not leave you to get up again and resume your wonted course; he sits on you; he sits on you hard. He shakes you with emphasis, and remains with you to see how you like it. When he has seen that you don't like it, he shakes you again. That's the sort of unregenerate fiend George W. Malaria is. He can get a letter of introduction to that effect from me any day.

Those who have studied the grand and petty meanness and other characteristic traits of malaria at short range, and charged for it, have, within the past three or four years, changed their opinions in regard to his habits, business rules and office-hours. They formerly advanced the opinion that John S. Frost could lay out Mr. Malaria as flat as a buck- wheat-cake from the ruins of Herculeum in one brief round; but Mr. Malaria has disproved the charge. He has shown his ability to meet John Sullivan Frost and come to time, either with or without gloves.

Now the longest-headed doctors will tell you, free of charge, that when the township is snowed under, and the weather is cold enough to freeze the milk of human kindness in your bosom, George W. Malaria is about wearing his summer clothes, and attending to business as usual.

And George W. Malaria is a traveler. He is constantly visiting fresh fields and making new acquaintances. He is met in the most aristocratic quarters of the cities of the North, as well as by the swamps and sluggish streams of the South. He visits Washington, and calls on

the great guns of the land, and he spends the season at the five-dollars-a-day summer-resorts without paying a cent. He has fun with the high and the low, has George W. Malaria, and whenever he meets a new acquaintance or old friend or spring poet, and says "Shake!" he makes somebody's eye-balls jingle.

George W. Malaria excites the undivided attention of the person he has business with, and nothing less than eighteen quinine pills as big as young acorns will make him loose his hold and break off the inter- view. And then, very likely, he will come straight back and begin it all over again, just as if nothing unpleasant to him had happened.

"What is malaria?" has been often asked. I do not intend to answer the question now, as I am in a hurry and an invalid; but when I become strong enough to lift medical terms without straining the small of my back, I will do it if I can thus be of any benefit to my fellow- shakers. Doctors disagree on the habits, business customs and proper treatment of malaria; but they are unanimously of the opinion that he can't be successfully boycotted.

Quinine is usually prescribed to cause an estrangement between Mr. Malaria and his victim; but there are times when George W. Ma- laria seems to fatten on quinine, and to be not just himself unless he gets it regularly three times a day before meals. I have known him to be fed on quinine and arsenic for months, and yet they did not kill him. They only killed the other fellow.

I have before me a medical journal which advises all persons who sit too close to malaria to drink plentifully of hot water every morning before breakfast. The writer does not say anything about the other in- gredients that are usually put in hot water to make it palatable. If he means just plain hot water without the usual trimmings, he might as well keep his advice for future reference. He can't persuade many folks to take that sort of dose. If he had said "hot water with trimmings," his Malaria remedy would strike almost everybody as a good idea, and they'd wonder they hadn't thought of it themselves long ago.

Malaria was always fond of me. It has been his custom, whenever he met me, to say "Shake!" and generally I have shaken.

Once I stopped in a town where Mr. Malaria was having full swing. Everybody, from the oldest inhabitant down, knew him not wisely but too well. But, after my arrival, they shook him off, by a superhuman effort, I suppose, and he came round and devoted his whole time and at- tention to me. I alone bought my quinine by the pound, and when the towns-people knew that I had absorbed the entire devotion of malaria, and was, as long as I stayed, a sort of malaria safety-rod for the com- munity, they were wild to have me stay with them permanently. In order to get away from the town without starting a riot, I had to lower my valise with a cord from the window of my boarding-house, and climb down the lightning-rod in the still small hours of a moonless night.

SCOTT WAY.



THE FREE-TRADE
 "PROTECTION" MONOPOLIST.—Come here, my poor friends—I'll protect you from the monster. (Aside to his Congressmen)



E-TRADE BUGABOO.

Aside to his Congressional Allies: Whoop it up, boys; make the jaws go—we've got to keep the working-man frightened.

THE DOG-SHOW.



The dog-show always fills me with a weird dark-blue joy. I cannot tell why it is that I am so fond of a dog-show. I have tried to analyze my feelings on this subject, but have failed. Perhaps some day I may meet Henry James,

and then I can have them analyzed backward and forward and down the middle to the extent of ten thousand words.

I love to look at the St. Bernard dogs, some of them bred by old St. Bernard himself up there at his inn on the mountain top. The keeper of these dogs told me it was quite true that they would hunt for dead or lost travelers in the snow. They are trained to do it. The gentlemen who live in St. Bernard's inn earn a good round income every year from the things they find on the travelers. The dogs find the travelers and the St. Bernard fellows take them in.

When you see a dozen or two of these St. Bernard dogs ranged along on a sort of shelf at the dog-show, you don't see why they do not take in the traveler themselves. They look able to do it. They look as if they could swallow a live halibut backward without his doing them any worse damage than to scratch their throats.

Another thing that fills me with joy at the dog-show is looking at the bull-dogs. I could sit down in front of them, if there were any chairs, and enjoy studying their expressive countenances by the hour. No dog has a more speaking face than a bull-dog. There's old Ben, for instance. He looks as if life had no more joy for him.

He says: "Young man, I've seen it all. When you reach my advanced age, you, too, will be convinced that life is not worth living." And you are moved to pity the aged Benjamin. You reach out your hand and lay it sympathetically on his old head, whereupon Benjamin gets away with about half of the hand, and you agree with him that life is not worth living.

Cynics all, the bull-dogs are. They are misanthropes and pessimists. They don't care much whether dog-shows keep or not. All they ask is to be let alone. And they usually are, by wise men.

When you go to the dog-show, feast your eyes upon the pointers. Take in Beavoir and Graphic and that lot. If you want to see a lot of genuine blue-blooded aristocracy, that's where you'll find it. Those dogs belong to the old families, and they are proud of it. But they have the genuine courtesy of true nobility. You needn't be afraid of a pointer. He'll always treat you with his distinguished consideration. He's full of kindly feeling. Pat his head for him and talk pleasantly to him, and he'll wag his tail for you. There's nothing mean about a pointer.

Take in the setters, too—the canine dudes. You never saw such a set of effeminate dandies anywhere out of Fifth Avenue as these same setters, especially those of the Irish persuasion. The female Irish setter is a better animal than the male, because she's truly feminine. The male Irish setter, like many other dudes, is also truly feminine; but we cannot love him for that.

The collies are a nice set. They are the canine Bohemians—ready to fraternize with any good fellow who comes along, not over-particular about a man's family history, be-

cause they haven't much of their own, and are not proud. You could scrape an acquaintance with a collie while traveling on a country road. You could hardly do it with a bull-dog or a mastiff. He might want to know you; but I do not believe you would be so anxious to meet him.

Then there are the fox-terriers. They remind me of those boys whom PUCK once called the "unsalted generation." They are altogether too previous and likewise too before. They are conceited, pushing, impudent little beggars, and they need their noses pinched occasionally, to make them understand that they don't own the earth.

If you want to feel that you are of small account in this world, go and talk to the stag-hounds. See those majestic creatures rise slowly to their feet, and from under their heavy, shaggy eye-brows look you through and through with their great, wise brown eyes. If you don't make up your mind in five minutes that they know all the weak spots in your soul, it will be because you haven't any soul to speak of.

If they make you feel poor and mean, go and see the pugs, Dandie Dinmonts, caniche poodles, Italian greyhounds and black-and-tans. These are the canine *bric-à-brac*. They are ornamental in their way, but not useful. They are more useful in nice cages at the dog-show than on the ends of strings in the street, tangling themselves around the limbs of pedestrians. You will like these dogs, because they are such useless things that no matter how valueless you may be yourself, you will feel that you are worth more in the world than they are.

Go to the dog-show by all means, and go in a philosophic spirit. You will learn a good deal about dogs. If you don't, perhaps the dogs will learn a good deal about you, and that may be a warning to them.

THE JOURNEYMEN TAILORS of Milwaukee have struck against a certain obnoxious man, and intend to boycott him in the future. They are going to model his clothes after the prevailing London patterns until he accedes to their demands.

ANOTHER EXTRAVAGANCE.



"I know you will say I am foolish," observed Mlle. Martini, the great actress, to a friend: "but I must tell you. I am married."

"Married!" Replied the friend, in astonishment: "Well, I should say you were foolish. As if you didn't have enough ways to throw your money away already."

One Case Of Happy Childhood.



But the Neighborhood is Not So Everlasting Happy.

MOST'S MIGHT.

HERR MOST's performance with the gun so conveniently placed on the platform at the revolutionists' meeting the other night reminds one of the story of the man who always had a nutmeg-grater put beside his plate when he had guests at dinner, so that if any one mentioned a great man, he might say that he knew where there was a grater. The effect produced by Herr Most was very picturesque; but ten minutes later, when the six policemen present rose to their feet, it was observed that no revolutionist went for the gun—they went for the doors, and that right speedily.

Alas, Mr. Most, your statements are generally so accurate and careful that it pains us to see you led into error in a moment of enthusiasm; but we must take exceptions to your statement that the cost of strikes would keep a standing army of six hundred thousand revolutionists. It might keep them, John, in a land where beer was one cent a barrel; but they wouldn't be a "standing" army if there was anything available to sit down on and rest. Moreover, if they handled their rifles as awkwardly as you did yours, and kept their mouths open and their eyes shut as you did yours, they wouldn't be likely to hit the "propertied and oppressive minority," if it is as small as you say it is.

AFTER THE unanswerable logic of facts convinced people that Oliver Wendell Holmes was not going abroad with James Russell Lowell, the names of these two distinguished gentlemen were given a much-needed rest. But it was not for long. The paragraphers of half-a-hundred papers now assure the public that Mr. Holmes will return with Mr. Lowell if he has to stick a ring-bolt into him and fasten a chain to it.

IN CONNECTICUT it is an offense punishable with a fine for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday; but during the spring-bonnet season last past there were few arrests. It is also a crime in that state for any man not an ordained clergyman to cross a river on Sunday: which is rather rough on those who live on the side of the river where the fish won't bite.

A COAT-OF-ARMS—The Policeman's, with an Extra Sleeve in the Small of the Back.

HORSECARCERATION.

(Fifth Term.)

I AM breaking in a pair of new shoes this morning. I note, as I walk to the corner, that my trousers fit very badly over them. This, in connection with the stern inflexibility of sole of the shoes themselves, makes me feel awkward and self-distrustful. It is wonderful what a difference well-fitting trousers make. I doubt very much if Columbus could ever have discovered America in a pair of pantaloons like mine.

Ting!

I feel that I am ill-prepared to face a critical world, and enter the car full of misgivings.

Ting! Ting!

I seat myself, and draw my feet as nearly under me as the space will permit. Notwithstanding this, the first man who enters steps squarely upon my left new boot. When the excitement caused by this mishap has subsided, I secretly investigate. I find he has caved in the box-toe. I might have left my old shoes under a pile-driver with perfect impunity. Can it be envy that brings disaster to the new boot and to the spotless shine? I have some difficulty in resisting a tendency to reach down and try to repair the damage. I exert what pressure I can from the inside with my toes; but to no purpose. While thus engaged, the conductor caves in the toe of my other boot.

At this instant a man vacates a corner-seat at the upper end of the car. There, at least, I shall be safe from the feet of the passers-by. I rise and start to change my seat. I am almost there when another who has not seen me takes the corner. In my confusion I look for the seat he has been occupying, but don't find it. He has been occupying a rather crowded position, and his neighbors have taken advantage of his departure to gain breathing-room for themselves. I look back to the seat I have vacated. An elderly woman who has just come in occupies it. A subdued ripple of laughter becomes audible, and adds to my embarrassment.

Presently several people get out, and I secure another seat. I have scarcely done so when a drunken man enters the car. Not a simple five-thousand-word drunk, but a thirty-five-chapter serial debauch running through several days. With unerring instinct he seats himself by my side. At the same time a lady, a friend of mine, seats herself directly opposite.

The drunken man at once begins to talk to me. He addresses me as "Pete," finally dropping into the affectionate diminutive of "Petey." His first impressions of me, it appears, were favorable; he formulates them by saying that I am a "dev'lish goo' feller." He next proposes that we get off the car together, and cement our friendship with a social glass at a place he wots of. He is inclined to resent my refusal to do this, assuming that I am actuated by an overweening pride. This train of thought elicits the interesting fact that he is as good as I am any day, (except to-day, presumably,) or any other man. I also learn, with some surprise, that he is a gentleman.

The coming of the conductor effects a diversion. The inebriate wants to pay my fare—to pay everybody's fare. We have all paid, the conductor tells him. Then he lapses into moody silence, and presently slumbers with his head on my shoulder.

At this juncture an elderly lady, a friend of my mother's, enters. My first impulse is to give her my seat, for there is no other. Then I reflect that it would never do to place her next so objectionable a neighbor, and hesitate. What shall I do? I can see that she wonders at and resents my boorishness, for she colors slightly, and looks away. Just then my friend, the lady opposite, rises, with a scornful look at me, and offers her seat, which, after some de-

mur, is taken. I feel that I have earned the contempt of both, and am overwhelmed with confusion.

Just then the elderly friend of my mother discovers, for the first time, the drunken man slumbering on my shoulder, and evidently draws the worst conclusions. I gaze at her appealingly, but she looks away in disgust. She sees in the drunken man a friend of mine, in whose company I have been on a protracted debauch, as my flushed face testifies. She understands now why I did not give her a seat; I was too drunk to stand. This story she will circulate industriously everywhere.

My only way to vindicate my character, and prove my independence of the drunken man, is to leave him. I do so. Deprived of my support, he falls with a crash, and waking from his slumber, says:

"Say, Herb, where you goin' to?"

By the merest accident he has hit upon my real name, which the old lady knows. Argument will be useless now. Cowardly desertion of a helpless friend will be added to my other faults. I rush from the car, leaving my character in the hands of the inebriate, who has again become conversational.

Ting!

Ting! ting!

F. E. CHASE.

"I HEAR that Filkins is sinking slowly."

"Well, you couldn't expect him to sink rapidly. He's had no doctor, so far."—*Tid-Bits*.

A NO-LEGGED man in Georgia advertises for a wife. She wouldn't have to black his boots, anyway; nor would he kick her out of the house during a discussion on Home-Rule.—*Norristown Herald*.

PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

A MAN from the country went into a second-hand store on Jefferson Avenue yesterday, and asked the proprietor to show him a spring over-coat.

"Certainly; we are just putting down de brices on shbring shtock."

Suddenly there was a terrific hammering and a general hubbub in the rear room.

"For Heaven's sake, what's that?" asked the customer.

"Oh, don't got vrightened. Dot's only my son Isaac knocking down de brices on shbring goots."—*Detroit Tribune*.

SOME one has had the audacity to refer to the indicted New York Aldermen as "Jacob Sharp's collection of peachblows." This is a slur upon the current market value of an Alderman; the real peachblow vase only brought eighteen thousand dollars.—*Phil. Bulletin*.

NOTICE.

Manufacturers, sellers and buyers of Trousers Stretchers having screw-rod in combination with clamps, are hereby cautioned that we shall defend our rights and prosecute all infringers. OUR SOLE AGENTS in the UNITED STATES (to whom all correspondence should be addressed) are:

G. W. SIMMONS & CO., Boston, Mass.

JOHN HAMILTON & CO.

NOTICE.

Our attention has been called to the fact that certain persons in New York, Philadelphia and other cities are soliciting advertisements for interleaved copies of PUCK which they profess to circulate in large numbers. Our advertisers are hereby notified that we have no connection with any such schemes, and are not responsible for any promises made by the persons referred to.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.



A SENSIBLE DOCTOR.

"What! Worn out with your house-keeping? You do not need me, then; you need rest!"

(After which wise remark he continued his discourse as follows:)

"Do not deceive yourself by thinking that everything in the house can be done better by yourself than your good servant. In many cases she might, indeed, not equal your efficiency; but if you are always careful to provide her with Sapolio, she cannot fail to keep everything about your house as clean and bright as it is possible to make it. (And then he laughed heartily:) Ha! Ha! I might as well add that Sapolio only costs a few cents per cake, and my visits come somewhat higher."

A teaspoonful of

Fred:

Brown's

Ginger,

with hot water and sugar (if
it suits taste.)

Satisfies Thirst,
Sustains Strength,
Aids Digestion, and
at night, by causing
a healthy action
of the Skin, induces
Sleep. * Try it.

FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.
PHILADELPHIA.



DO YOU SHAVE
YOURSELF?

Travelers, or those who shave at home are
invited to try Williams' Shaving Stick.
An exquisite soap producing a rich, mild
lather that will not dry on the face while
shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar
of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned
wood case covered with leatherette.
OBTAIN IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST, OR
SEND 25 CENTS IN STAMPS TO
The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
529 Glastonbury, Ct.,
N.Y.'S FOR 50 YEARS OF "GENUINE YANKEE" SOAP.



DENTAL OFFICE OF
Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 76, 140, 154, 163 and 418 of the
English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents
per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

PERHAPS New York would be quite as well
off if the twelve arrested Aldermen ran away as
if they stood trial. For there would be twenty-
five thousand dollars bail apiece, and the city
would also be rid of a dozen citizens who are
worse than useless.—*Boston Herald.*

"WHAT kind of dog is that, my little man?"
"He's part tarrier."

"And what's the other part?"

"Oh, just dog."—*Columbus Spectator.*

No wonder the base-ball player kicks about
his two-thousand-dollar salary. A great many
New England Governors receive nearly as much
as that.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE relation between a woman's tongue, if
there is any, and her thoughts is the least un-
derstood section, perhaps, of dramatic law.—
Boston Commonwealth.

THE last scene of all—a maid, a fire, a can
of kerosene.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

ALL played out—open-air concerts.—*Indi-
anapolis Herald.*

GREECE wants to be wiped up.—*Boston Post.*

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, **Angostura Bit-
ters** will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits and ask your
grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G.
R. Siegert & Sons.

FROM "PUCK," APRIL 14th, 1886.



A trial of the Eagle Pencils will convince
you of their superiority. Their specially pre-
pared grade

(neither too soft 2½ neither too hard)

is unsurpassed for free hand drawing or gen-
eral uses. Send Sixteen Cents and mention
this paper. You will receive samples worth at
least double.

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TOYS, FIREWORKS,

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other Material for Costumes, etc.



MILE SIGNAL WHISTLE.
The loudest and most
pleasingly shrill whistle made.
Can be heard from 1 to 3
miles. Exact size of a
10-calibre centre-
fire cartridge.
In-
valuable
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Order now and get our catalogue
of Guns, Noctives, etc. Ad. Hens-
lie, Allison & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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LETTER FROM JAMES ROBINSON,
ATHLETIC TRAINER AT PRINCE-
TON COLLEGE.

PRINCETON, N. J., Jan. 21, 1886.

I have found it imperative to have sure and
simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises,
sprains, colds, rheumatism, &c. Shortly
after entering upon my profession in this coun-
try I discovered such a remedy in Allcock's
Porous Plasters. I tried Benson's Caprine and
other plasters, but found them too harsh and
irritating.

Allcock's Porous Plasters give almost instan-
taneous relief, and their strengthening power is
remarkable. I have cured scores of students
and friends of sore throats and colds by the
application of these plasters on the throat and
chest. I had a pupil who contracted a severe
cold which settled on his kidneys. I placed
two plasters over the kidneys, and the result
was that in six hours he was entirely well. In
cases of weak back put two plasters on the
small of the back, and in a short time you
will be capable of quite severe exercise. In
"sprint" and "distance" races and jumping
the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet
sometimes weaken. This can invariably be
relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips,
so as to give free motion, and applying on
muscles affected.

I have used Allcock's Plasters successfully in
walking matches, when the legs became tired
and swollen with overexertion, by covering the
important muscles with them.

It is my unreserved opinion—an opinion
formed after considerable experience—that
Allcock's Porous Plasters are a most efficacious
and valuable remedy.

JAMES ROBINSON.

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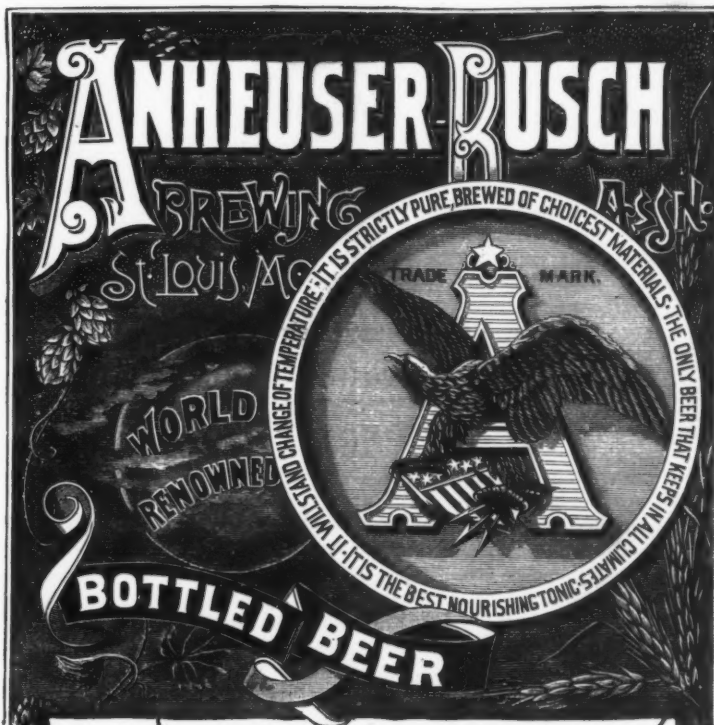
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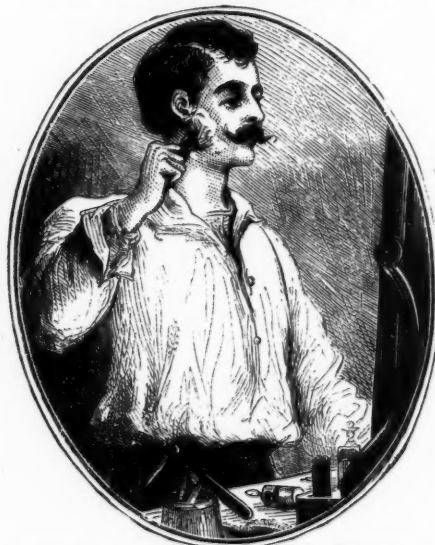
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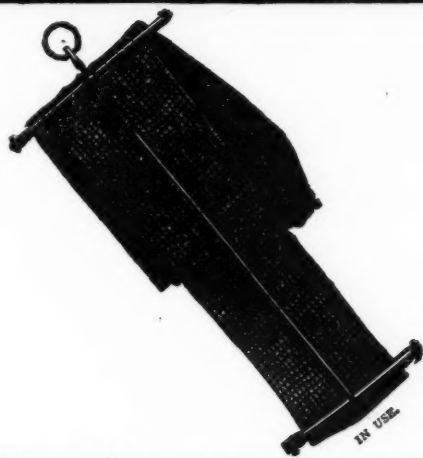
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Capitalist.—You shall not lose anything by your fearlessness.

Candidate.—Oh, I had not thought of that. I do not stop, during a crisis of this kind, to consider gain or loss. I am a law-and-order man myself.

Capitalist.—I am glad to know it; but if I were you, I would not be too free in the expression of my opinion.

Candidate.—Oh, I know there's danger in it; but I cannot refrain from speaking my mind. I am a law-and-order man myself.—Arkansaw Traveler.

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We have just received from Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. "April," the fifth volume of "Through the Year With the Poets," edited, compiled and raked together by Oscar Fay Adams. To say the least, this little volume is as flowery, showery and bowery as the month it represents. Mr. Adams has skimmed the whole field of English literature, even as the swallow skims the lilled lakelet, and he has got about all the cream and strawberries. If any of the women represented in the book have prevaricated about their ages, there must be a number of poetesses in the country who at death will be century-plants. We never before knew how many spring poets we have had since the time of Spenser and Chaucer, until looking through this book. The index, giving the dates of their deaths, don't, however, tell how they came to die, and the reader is puzzled as to whether they were thrown down hatchways or simply shot. Clinton Scollard and Frank Dempster Sherman, who seem to be part of the regular machinery of the series, have original contributions. But we don't know why the publishers should have sent us "April" in brown binding, and the previous issues in purple, unless to relieve our eyes. If you want to revel in violets, pansies, dandelions, daisies, arbutus and wild roses gemmed with the pearls of the latest shower, don't fail to provide yourself with a copy of "April."

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